

JEAN ELIOT'S
LETTERA Chronicle of
Society

TO WED NEXT SATURDAY



MISS EVELYN HARNEY STEVENS.

Evelyn Harney Stevens and Lanier Park McLachlen Have Selected Saturday Evening, April 24, for Their Marriage, and the Swedeborgian Church in Corcoran Street Will Be the Scene. Evelyn Will Have Quite a Large Bridal Party. Vera Phillips Will Be Maid of Honor and the Bridesmaids Will Be Dorothy Witzel, of Cleveland, Ohio; Helen Leary, Elizabeth Smith, Mary Darrach, Gertrude Fagan and Elizabeth Mitchell. John McLachlen Will Be Best Man for His Brother and Robert Jones, Robert Hatch, A. Kent Muhlenberg, of Richmond, Morgan Callahan, C. C. Fraizer and Thomas Wilson Will Usher.

army officers who went to Stockholm to compete in the Olympic games in 1912, when he was entered in one pentathlon, the contest for the best all-round athlete. The pentathlon included pistol shooting, cross-country riding, swimming, fencing, and running, and was distinct from the all-round champion ship in track and field events, won by an American, the Indian Thorpe. Mr. Patton was pitted against officers from several European armies and, although he made a creditable showing, they beat him out, owing to superior horse flesh and a greater familiarity with dueling practices.

Mrs. Patton accompanied her husband to Sweden and saw something of him after their return to Washington. They were very well known here and ever so popular.

Lieutenant Patton was the victim of a serious accident at the north shore last summer, which came near to proving fatal, happening while he was on the way to Townsend, Mass., to participate in a polo game. However, he had quite recovered by this time, and the accident was, in a way, regarded as providential by his family, since it effectively vetoed his determination to go abroad for a glimpse of the fighting.

Mrs. Stinson Brown is having a little individual dog show in her back yard, for, in addition to the prize-winning dachshund puppy, Gretel, belonging to her daughter, Bryson Pettit, and Jimmie Pettit's bull dog, she is entertaining four big dachshunds, three of them champions. If you please, the property of her guest, Mrs. Hungerford, of New York. Mrs. Hungerford is the owner of the famous South Shore Kennels, and came to Washington for the dog show.

Bryson Pettit went wild with delight when her puppy took a little ribbon. Mrs. Hungerford's entries, however, enticed themselves with honor, and now the house is filled with silver cups, blue ribbons, and all such pleasing paraphernalia.

Mrs. Brown had the nicest sort of a tea party one day last week for her daughter, Mrs. Clayton Keat, who is leaving Washington about the 1st of May. Lieutenant Commander Keat was retired last June, owing to ill health, and expects to engage in business in New York, so they have taken an apartment in Riverside drive, in the same house where their cousin, the U. S. Grant, lives, and expect to take possession shortly. The Keat baby, who is only about two months old, is a darling, always laughing and crying, and at the tea party the other day held quite a count in the basket where Gretel lay in wait. The baby is a junior, named for his father.

Laurence Benet and his wife have reached Paris safely, according to letters which reached Mrs. Benet's sisters last week. They had an uneventful crossing, but found later that the ship they had at first planned to take was given a lively chase by a submarine.

The New Willard
Supper Dances in Red Room
Monday and Thursday Evenings
Meyer Davis and His Orchestra
Service a la carte

and Marion Van Buren, both of whom have since become charming matrons, were being fêted, and added to the interest of the scene.

Little Peggy Mann was hit by a foul ball at the opening game of the baseball season last Wednesday, but as the ball passed first through the crown of a derby worn by a man near by, the force of the blow was lessened, and she was not hurt. Peggy attended the game with her brother, Billy, and her father, J. T. Mann. She is, by the way, a real lover of the game and keeps score as well as any seasoned fan of the other sex.

All of Washington, the socially prominent and otherwise, attended the game. The arrival of President Wilson, Mr. Daniels and Mr. Garrison caused a great deal of excitement and interest in the crowd, but not as much, I fear, as the appearance on the bleachers of a man in a straw hat. In fact it took three burly policemen to quell the interest.

Mr. Mann, by the way, has recently presented his wife with the newest and smartest sort of bird cage, in which to house her pet canary. Instead of the old-fashioned meager wire cage, this aristocratic bird rates a white wicker house, with a sloping roof, a gay chalet upon a tall wicker standard that rises from a basket stand also enameled in white. At intervals on the standard are small inconspicuous holders for flowers, which, when filled with blossoms, as Mrs. Mann's always are, give the little singer a breath of the great outdoors and a feeling of freedom, in addition to being an attractive bit in the furnishing of any room.

With so many Washington girls marrying army and navy men and fitting away to parts unknown within the next few months, it comes as pleasant news that there will be a pretty bride to join the service contingent here in the early autumn—to wit: Mary Randall, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who will be married to Lieut. Charles F. Williams, of the Engineer Corps, when the leaves begin to turn. Lieutenant Williams, who hails from Massachusetts, is attending the Engineers' School at Washington Barracks, where he will be on duty for a year or more, so Washington will have time to know and welcome his bride. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis Williams of Foxboro.

That Mary Randall is pretty, attractive, and distinctly likable, people in one well attested from several people in Fort Wayne, who know her, notably Alma Butler, who visited Natalie Drake here. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Randall and, since she finished school, has taken a special course and gone in for library work.

Mrs. Robert Hill is one of the few people of my acquaintance who still maintains allegiance to the picture puzzle, which swept the country a few years ago, only to die a lingering death. Constant practice has made Mrs. Hill an expert that she can solve only for the most intricate puzzles and she invades the shops almost every time she goes down town in search of something new. Hours and hours she spends fitting the elusive pieces together into an harmonious whole, and then, when once the picture is made, the puzzle is packed up and sent to a hospital to while away many a tedious hour for the shut-ins there.

Susan, you would have lost your mind at the dog show. There were certainly a lot of delightful dogs gathered together in one place, and it was such fun to see them putting on airs. No stage beauty ever devoted more time and trouble to her toilet than anxious owners bestowed upon their pups. Brushes and combs were constantly in action. Little brushes were concealed in the palms of owners, and used in the midst of the judging to fluff up a paw or give a proper gloss to an already shining coat. And then, when the beastie underwent the indignity of having his nose powdered, with pipeclay it must be confessed—in public.

Frances Miller is not going to England to be a war nurse as has been rumored, although her cousin, Lady Hatfield, who has a hospital at Soissons, wanted her to cross over and help with the work. Her aunt, Mrs. S. S. Tainter,

of New York, expects to join Lady Hatfield in the spring and wanted to take Frances with her, but her father, Benet Miller, objected to parting with his only daughter.

Anne Dazile, of Pittsburgh, is now visiting Frances, and is having the good time she always has in Washington. Frances is just back from Warrenton, where she visited Jack Gray and his wife, who was Ray Williams before her marriage. The Grays are settled on a fine farm about six miles from Warrenton, and are engaged in raising horses. The house, which is old-fashioned and rambling, is most attractive, and is located on a great hill, overlooking the little river that meanders through their place.

About the time the Carl Vroomans turn over the house which they have occupied this winter to its owners, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Harlow, that is about the middle of May, Mr. Vrooman will go to Oklahoma, in place of Mr. Houston, to make a speech at the Southern Congress. He will also stop on the way to make an address at the University of Ohio. Mrs. Vrooman has not yet made any definite plans for the early summer, but expects to find some quiet place in Virginia where she can rest and write.

Fort Meyer is quite gay these days, for the post is full of visiting girls, and pretty girls at that. There are the Misses Braisted, of St. Louis, who are the guests of Capt. and Mrs. Edward T. Donnelly; Miss Glasgow is visiting her uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. William Glasgow; Miss Edmonds, of Lynchburg, is staying with Capt. and Mrs. Fred Gallup, and there are a number of others.

A round of parties, riding parties, supper and dinner parties, has marked the week, and on Friday there was a picnic, followed by an informal hop in the administration building. Ed Greble, who is the moving spirit in anything that involves a good time, took a crowd of fifteen in a trolley to Chain Bridge, where they had a picnic supper and lots of fun, and later they drove back to the post and attended the hop en masse.

Lieutenant Greble also drove a trolley load to Potomac Park for one of the polo games last week, behind a spanking team of gray mules.

Lieut. Clarence Hincamp, U. S. N., entertained a large audience when he spoke on submarines last week before the Ohio Society and elicited great applause when he showed a picture of himself going over the side of a submarine in a diver's dress. His talk was most interesting, and he had a remarkable collection of pictures. Also he discussed the same subject before a gathering at the Army and Navy Club a short time ago. But Lieutenant Hincamp is not always serious. He and his special playmate, Lieut. John E. Lamm, give lots of jolly parties in their apartment at the Benedict, and have a glorious good time.

Dr. Roland Cotton Smith went to New York to officiate at the marriage last Saturday of Laura Cass Canfield to the Rev. William Lawrence Wood, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wood, of New York. He is, if I mistake not, related to the young clergyman, whose mother was Ellen Appleton Smith, daughter of the Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith, one time rector of the Church of the Ascension in New York.

Some of the daily papers fell into a rather droll mistake at the time of the announcement of the engagement which took place not long before the wedding, saying "The engagement of Miss Canfield's younger sister, Miss Mary Cass Canfield, was announced in February, 1914, to Henry S. Hooper, a young lawyer." As a matter of fact it was Laura Canfield herself, and not her slightly older sister, who was engaged to young Mr. Hooper, but she broke it off so gently that few people knew it had been done until the second announcement appeared.

Congressman William Kent is leaving Washington today or tomorrow for Chicago, where he has business that will keep him for a week or so. Then Mrs. Kent will join him and they will proceed to Kentfield, their California home, for the summer. There they live in almost Tolstoyan simplicity. The house is a modest bungalow, the walls are pictureless, but the great windows look out upon majestic scenery, beside which any picture would appear trivial and uninspiring.

It was only a few years ago that Mr.

Kent gave to the Government a part of his scenic domain, gave it to be maintained as a park for the people. Col. Theodore Roosevelt, who was then President, suggested that the park be called after the donor, but Mr. Kent would have none of this. He did not want, he said, his sons to be known in future simply as the sons of the man who had given a park. He wanted them unhampered to make their own names or be forgotten. So the park was named Muir Wood.

Elizabeth Kent, now Mrs. George Stanleigh Arnold, and her husband, are expected in Washington shortly for a visit of several weeks, and are apt to pass Congressman and Mrs. Kent on their way home. The young people are, however, living in San Francisco, which is not so very far from Kentfield, so there will be a reunion later in the summer.

The Assistant Attorney General and Mrs. William W. Kent were entertained at one of the prettiest dinners of the season last week when their guests were the Assistant to the Attorney General and Mrs. Todd, Mrs. E. Marvin Underwood,

Lieut. Commander and Mrs. William D. Leachy, Prof. and Mrs. Henry Barrett Learned, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Coggeshall, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. D. Fuller, and Frank Edward Johnson.

Usually, Susan, I close my letters to you with a hurried word to rush forth to the next thing on the program, but today, methinks, you are in for a surprise. I am not in a hurry, because I am too lazy to hurry. I am not going to do anything because I am too lazy to do anything; as a matter of fact, I have a bad attack of spring fever, and expect to spend the afternoon after the manner of the old darkey who "sometimes sets and thinks and sometimes just sets."

Yours fondly,
SUNDAY, JEAN ELIOT.

Offers Girl to First
Frenchman in Berlin

PARIS, April 18.—Mme. Platieu, a wealthy resident of Nevada, announces that she will bestow the hand of her adopted daughter and a generous dowry upon the first married French soldier who enters Berlin.

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